

# The Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

## EFFECT OF THE HOLIDAYS.

Tomorrow several of the private schools, academies and higher institutions of learning will begin their year's work and a week after the public schools will open their doors to the rising generation.

Every year the course of study in the graded schools is improved. If the same text books are used and like subjects taught as in preceding years, there is more intelligent supervision and experienced teaching at the teacher's desk.

But the year does not open with a uniform desire to learn the things taught. The long vacation has upset the discipline of school life and the children from the first grade to the high school seniors begin an apprenticeship to regularity in attendance and study.

The child has been free from routine for three months or more and will take a month nearly to get down to the real campaign against sloth, indifference and ignorance. The parent, accustomed to the untidy and irregular habits of vacation, must begin the fight for tidiness and promptness every morning until regularity is again established.

By the way it is not alone among children and in school life that this pernicious effect of vacation is observed. Every factory in the land, every manufacturing establishment employing a score or more of hands, every department store with its dozens of clerks, bears testimony to the fact that Monday, the first working day of the week, succeeding as it does a holiday, finds more absent, tardy or sleepy and indifferent workmen than does any other day. Tuesday, September 8, following two holidays, will illustrate the point still further. If the statistics of all labor establishments for that day could be obtained, they would prove conclusively that children are not the only class upset and thrown out of gear by holidays.

In this connection it is undoubtedly true that the teachers themselves are not in touch with school life and the first week is taken up in grading, seating and arranging. In fact, it is a well regulated school system that can be running smoothly and intelligently in one week.

Vacations have their uses and their advantages and they are essential to comfort and physical welfare, but they are not calculated to benefit the real industries of life.

## A HARD SAYING.

A hard saying fell from the lips of the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of the Methodist Christian Advocate, in a sermon which he delivered in Montclair Sunday night.

"There are men today who are giving their millions to endow colleges and libraries whose wealth has been obtained in direct contradiction to the Golden Rule and the principles taught by Christ."

Of this the New York Evening Post has to say: Dr. Buckley is not reported as explaining just what our colleges and schools should do when such gifts are offered, but from the general tenor of his remarks as to the pressing need of applying "the simple truths of Christianity," he evidently takes high ground. Montclair, however, is hardly the most suitable town in New Jersey for the delivery of such a sermon. At Madison is Drew Theological Seminary, the training school for Methodist ministers. In view of the fact that the institution was founded by the late Daniel Drew and named in honor of that worthy associate of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, the people of Madison and especially the theological students, should be much interested in Dr. Buckley's discourse. When Madison has had its turn, Dr. Buckley may wish to speak at Syracuse, the seat of a well-known Methodist university. Syracuse has profited much from the generosity of John A. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. By a curious coincidence Chancellor James R. Day has lately made public his discovery that the Standard Oil Trust is by no means as black as painted. If Dr. Buckley will preach his sermon at Syracuse, perhaps Dr. Day will return the compliment by writing for the Christian Advocate an article on "The Standard Oil as an Example of the Simple Truths of Christianity Applied to Business."

## AMERICAN WIVES OF DIPLOMATS.

The leading conservative newspaper of Berlin denounces the marriage by diplomats of American wives, saying that this tends to democratize Europe and that such wives are really political agents in the United States. On the same day we learn by cable dispatches that Countess Walderssee is credited with the overthrow of Bismarck; that Madame Bakmeteff, wife of the Russian envoy at Sofia, has great influence with Prince Ferdinand and is protecting the Americans there; and that the Duchess of Marlborough is so greatly in favor at King Edward's court that her husband's rapid advance is credited to her.

Many diplomats marry American wives for several good reasons, the chief of which is that the breadth of mind and height of standards which prevail among the cultivated women of this country are not to be found elsewhere.

The English and the German wife are primarily domestic; the Spanish and Italian are affectionate, and the high-class French woman is prone to view her husband's station merely as an aid to her own social triumph.

Only the American girl has the intelligence to enter into her husband's ambition, and the devotion and tact to assist it. This being the case, the Staatsburger Zeitung must either prevail upon the Reichstag to pass a law forbidding the importation of the American wife or protest to the unresponsive air.

Perhaps the highest development of wifely genius is the surrounding of a busy diplomatic husband

with rest and harmony at home, declares the New York American.

This was the genius of Mrs. Gladstone, and it has passed permanently into history, and this is also the present fame of Mrs. Chamberlain. But this is merely one form of the quality which pre-eminently distinguishes the American woman—tact—and as long as she continues to possess it diplomats will continue to marry her, all the German papers to the contrary notwithstanding.

## WOMEN STENOGRAPHERS EXCLUDED.

The Northwestern Railway's decision that none of the women stenographers in its service will be allowed to qualify for promotion or be eligible for its pension list has naturally created a stir among women workers in general and women stenographers in particular. The company explains its action on the ground that "a woman stenographer can never be anything else."

That certainly is not true in other lines of business, however it may be in railroad service. Women who began as stenographers in law and commercial houses and in the service of city, state and nation are filling higher positions, with broader and more responsible duties, in large numbers. They become private secretaries, clerks in charge of correspondence, court stenographers and librarians. Not a few of them conduct independent businesses, with staffs of stenographers and typewriters whom they furnish to do work on call, and make net incomes of \$4,000 to \$7,000 a year.

It is a fact of current interest that while in some other callings—notably that of school-teaching—women are paid much less than men for the same service, the woman stenographer is paid as well and sometimes better than a man stenographer. If she is expert and has general aptitude for business apart from her stenography, she often receives from \$1,200 to \$2,500 a year; as a court stenographer one of them at least in this city is well known to be paid the last-named sum. The Northwestern Railway's curious ruling is a belated expression of the old prejudice against the industrial equality of woman, which is nevertheless almost extinct.

## THE FUTURE OF PRICES.

Andrew Carnegie has been telling British iron and steel manufacturers that the signs of the times point to higher prices for such great staples of industry rather than lower, in the near future, because the possible gains in the processes of production will be more than offset by the increased cost of raw material. This is a view seldom given publicly, but it is the opinion of an expert who not only looks upon the question from the practical standpoint of a veteran ironmaster, but from the vantage ground of a general student of men and things who know the world well.

It is a very interesting theory, and it may apply to other basic elements in the industries of the age, as well as to iron and steel. The coal mines will surely grow deeper and more expensive to work rather than less so. The supply of crude petroleum and natural gas underground must decrease every year, and the chances are in favor of higher instead of lower cost of production of all these great staples. The same thing is emphatically true of lumber and all forest products, and it is difficult to imagine how animal food can become cheaper, after the great waste plains of temperate zones are taken up and utilized as fully as may be without the expense of growing crops and sheltering flocks and herds.

The truth is that the world is likely to find the cost of living increased by new conditions of production in ways which will more than offset any possible saving in other directions. Hence the general market level of prices, taking decades together and covering the whole civilized world, is likely to rise and the purchasing power of money to decrease accordingly. This is directly contrary to the theories of the silver inflationists in 1896, but that is nothing new. They have come to grief so often and in so many ways that another upset will not count much. They are not taken seriously now.

## HE SEES BETTER TIMES.

Judge Gray, chairman of the anthracite coal arbitration commission, who lately settled another coal miners' dispute in Alabama, expresses himself on the labor outlook with his optimism.

Judge Gray's experience is exceptional and people of all sides must respect his opinions. He is convinced that arbitration is the necessary and correct method of bringing employers together as the human relationship in our growing industries becomes fainter.

It will draw all men together, he believes, in the true spirit of American democracy. He says that the tendency of labor unions is to bring better men to the front and that labor is passing "through a gethsemane of strikes and discords."

Labor Day is one of the important holidays of the year and its benefits and advantages are emphasized because it furnishes the only recognized outing between Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day, which is a tolerably long stretch.

The cause of measles still remains a mystery. The brute isn't susceptible to them and it isn't the fashion yet for men to be experimented on with the measles microbe.

Everybody works in America and the middle west is particularly addicted to work. Labor Day means a vacation to a great many people in Wichita.

Sir Thomas will sell the Shamrocks for a song. Why not make the consideration, Hiawatha, the Holy City or Under the Bamboo Tree?

Lady Henry Somerset has only women servants to encourage the sex. The sex won't give Americans a chance to encourage it.

Sir Thomas should cut that smile out when he goes back home. His countrymen will think more of him.

That familiar cry from Macedonia is as loud as ever but it seems to have a Turkish accent.

With this year's high prices, gout among vegetarians will not be a stranger.

It would profit those yacht races to employ Wm. J. Bryan to avoid any calms.

As a grandstand player, Prof. Langley is pretty tame.

## SOCIETY OF THE UNBIASED.

Last week's meeting of the club resulted in a broader field of discussion than usual. It covered the remedy for prejudice.

General Proddle suggested that the cure for bias lay in educating the masses, but his utterance made it sound as if he had misplaced a space and said them asses. "Them asses isn't good grammar," said the Professor. "There is the proper word to use in that connection." "I never said them," replied the General, "but if I had the learned gentleman's interruption only serves as an illustration of the point I was about to make. By educating the masses prejudice will disappear, and I do not mean a grammar or a spelling book when I refer to education, but to that broader knowledge, such, for instance, as the soldier acquires on his marches and on the field of battle. More academic learning such as our friend, Professor Linguist possesses, does not broaden the mind. In fact, it narrows it. In his eagerness to note an ungrammatical phrase or a misspelled word, the Professor overlooks the great idea presented, and he magnifies a trifling error. His ear caught an imperfect utterance and he lost the grand, original conception of universal education. To originate or coin another phrase he overlooked the kernel and grasped the chaff."

"Joe Miller," shrieked Bud Foster, who is a collector of oral antiquities, and verbal souvenirs.

"To the knowledge of the chair Joe Miller isn't present," said Major Venthrup. "I saw a man named Miller talking Macedonian outrages with Farmer Doolittle as I was coming to the club."

"As I was saying, when one of them asses interrupted," said the General with an emphatic chuckle at his ready wit, "the race needs to be developed mentally. We need men trained in every direction. As a boy I attended school and acquired the notion that the Professor so delights in, but when I became a man I put away childish things, took up a sword and pistol and in the real battle of life, gained that breadth of intellect and wideness of knowledge which will appear in an autobiography which I am preparing as a gift to this society. I have learned to tolerate the truth, as I understand it, and when the race—the great human race—has adopted my methods and my views there will be no further bickerings and quarrels over false opinions."

"It is only when free thinking has become the practice that prejudice will disappear," said Dr. Fife. "I ask the attention of this intelligent audience to a pamphlet I have prepared in which I show conclusively that free thought has completely demolished all existing religious creeds, and I would ask the club to bear the expense of publishing the essay, as its adoption by the world will eradicate all false religious and leave only free thought as the common heritage. When all think alike as they must when they comprehend my free thought system, there will be no occasion for vitriolic argument, because all men will cast away those dogmas of the centuries which free thinkers condemn, denounce and deride at every opportunity. My cure for bias is infallible. Here the Doctor drew forth a manuscript, but Capt. Greenwich suggested that the Doctor be given leave to print, at his own expense and the club so ruled.

"I have often thought," said Parson Billings, "that the church—particularly that branch which I represent—has been negligent in the matter of eradicating intolerance. Now, if parents, pastors and grown people generally would inculcate the true faith as presented in the 29 articles to the children early in life and would impress these truths upon their minds unceasingly through youth, the race in time would accept the 29 articles, and all occasion for dissent and prejudice would cease. That is my remedy."

"That system has been tried in both politics and religion from time immemorial and there are people who suspect that such a course inculcates bias," said Col. Hockington. "For instance, you go south and you will hear that all Republicans are nigger lovers or niggers in fact, while in many northern states we are told that Democrats cannot read and write. Designing politicians encourage these ideas until the youth deem it treason to vote contrary to their father's party views, and they become as fixed and bitter in politics as they are unyielding in their church beliefs. I doubt the Parson's scheme of graduating liberal citizens. A faith fixed in childhood may be the path to Heaven, but it most certainly is not the route to tolerance," said the Colonel.

"If you eradicate the child's faith and thus endanger his immortal soul, how can you recompense him even if you cut out prejudice?" asked the Parson.

"That's a corker," said Major Venthrup from the chair. "In this Society of the Unbiased, I should be sorry to hear any attacks on either the Protestant church or the Republican party. These are subjects too serious to be lightly broached among honest Christian gentlemen. It is much better to leave out creed and platform in these meetings."

"There's the whole point in a nutshell," said Dr. Fife. "It is in creed and platform that prejudice and intolerance mostly appear. Creed and platform, barring the protective tariff which must not be tinkered with should be cast to the winds and everybody should be a free thinker. It is in medicine alone that discussion should be limited. If an allopath for instance meddles with one of my patriots, (I am a homeopath as you know) his ridious and antiquated remedies endanger the life of my patient, and life is too serious a matter to be risked that quacks may exploit their exploded theories. It certainly is not intolerant to state the truth, which is that all schools of medicine except homeopathy are mere quackery. Now slaughter creeds and platforms (souls are immortal and impossible to diagnose or treat) but whatever you do, do not attack the grand principles of homeopathy."

"Grant Scott, how the Doctor does drive his span Free-Thinking and Like-Cure-Like. Harnesses to his road wagon the pair would kill more pedestrians than could an automobile," said the Professor. "My remedy," he added, "is to teach children what words really mean and if they never misapply a word they can never go very far astray from the straight path of tolerance. The word, tolerance, by the way, comes—"

"He talks about a span," interrupted the Doctor. "It is cruelty to animals the way he sits astride that nag Etymology. Get a mule, Professor, and give your worn out nag a run in the fell wheel. If there is a more weary, more heavily laden beast of burden on earth than that hobby horse of yours the owner should be turned over to the tender mercies of the cruelty to animals society."

"Drive your own overworked pair to pasture before attacking imaginary steeds," said the Professor.

"The disease is but one, the remedies innumerable. I move we adjourn," said Corporal Missioning.

## MR. SIMON SIMPLE, SECRETARY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the well known American poet, whose son was appointed a supreme justice by President Roosevelt recently, wrote some humorous lines which never weary. Among them is the following which has given rise to a curious tradition. It is said in all seriousness by the rising generation that Dr. Holmes never wrote as funny as he could.

I wrote some lines once on a time  
In wondrous merry mood.  
And thought as usual would say  
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die.  
Albeit in the general way,  
A sober man am I.

I called my servant and he came,  
How kind it was of him,  
To mind a slender man like me,  
He of the mighty limb.

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,  
And in my humorous way,  
I added, (as a trifling jest)  
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper and I watched,  
And saw him peep within.  
At the first line he read, his face,  
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,  
And shut from ear to ear:  
He read the third; a chuckling noise,  
I now began to hear.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;  
The fifth, his waistband split;  
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

## FUN OF THE WORLD.

The other day a small boy, aged 4, was alternately beating a drum with his right and left hands, and looking up at the sky with rapt attention. "What are you doing, Charles?" his mother said. "Oh, I'm just sending up some dust to God, so he can make some new people," was the reply.

Henry Labouchere was once asked what he called the Prince of Wales—now King Edward—when he died at Marlborough house. "Well," said Labby, "when the soup comes on I address him as 'Your Royal Highness.' The fish often softens the reserve, and I get a little chummier, and often as not I call him 'Wales,' while during the entrees and joints I get quite familiar, and he becomes 'Eddie,' while he sleeps me on the back, and dubs me 'Labby'."

Netty Green has probably figured in more lawsuits than any other wealthy woman in the United States, and she has learned to despise all lawyers. She was brought to court on complaint of not having a license for her dog Dewey. "I've got a New York license for the dog," she said; "ain't that enough?" "No, you must have a Jersey license." "Must I?" she replied, in disgust; "well, it's mighty extravagant; but a dog's worth more'n a lawyer, anyhow, barks louder for you, and doesn't cost near so much."

Dr. Gillespie, the present moderator of the church of Scotland, tells how he was non-plussed by a ragged urchin who declared he was alone in the world, his father and mother having died some years ago. "Have you not a sister, then?" asked Dr. Gillespie. "I never had yin." "But surely you have a brother?" "Yes, but he's at Glasgow college." "Well, can not he spare some time from his studies to look after you a bit?" "Na, sir," replied the urchin, mournfully, "for he was born w' two heids, and they keep him in a bottle."

Once, when the late President Faure was being escorted through the Paris salon by an artist of not, on the opening day, he caught sight of a picture that struck him as safe to criticize. To his dismay he found that the author of the "mashin" which had excited the amusement was his worthy guide. Turning to the mortified painter, he said: "You know how it is; the lawyer always runs down the thing he has set his heart on. The fact is, I want that picture for the Palace de l'Elysee." And, as good as his word, the president bought the picture the next day.

Two Highlanders, being in Glasgow for the first time, were having a walk through the city. Turning a corner, they were much surprised to see a water-cart wetting the street. Not having seen anything of the kind before, Tougall, under a mistaken idea, ran after the cart, and cried to the driver: "Hey, man—hey, man, yer losin' a' yer water!" His friend, annoyed at Tougall's want of knowledge, ran after him, caught him by the arm, and said, rather testily, "Tougall, man, Tougall, dinna be showin' yer ignorance. Dyer no see it's to keep the laddies off the back o' the cart!"

When Fred Hart was connected with the Overland Monthly, an unusually destructive earthquake visited San Francisco, and its immediate vicinity in October, 1903. Five persons were killed by falling cornices and chimneys and much destruction was wrought in many parts of the city. As soon as the first panic at this disturbance had subsided, and while lesser shocks were still quaking the earth, some of the leading business men of San Francisco organized themselves into a sort of vigilance committee, and visited all the newspaper offices, strictly enjoined that the story of the earthquake be treated with conservatism and understanding—it would injure California if eastern people were frightened away by exaggerated reports of earthquake—and a similar censorship was exercised over the press dispatches sent out from San Francisco at that time. This greatly annoyed Bret Harte, who had been overlooked in this supervision of local intelligence. In his "Etc." in the November number of the Overland he treated the topic jocularly, saying that, according to the daily papers, the earthquake would have suffered serious damage if the people had only known it was coming. Harte's lighthearted pleasantry excited the wrath of some of the solid men of San Francisco, and when, not long after that, it was proposed to establish a chair of recent literature in the university at California, and invite Bret Harte to occupy it, one of the board of regents, whose word was a power in the land, temporarily defeated the scheme by swearing roundly that a man who had derided the dispute between the earthquake and the newspapers should never have his support for a professorship. Subsequently, however, this difficulty was overcome and Harte received his appointment.

When Sir Thomas Lipton arrived in New York he received a letter from an Irishman at Tompkinsville wishing him every success with the Shamrock III. This Irishman said that when the Shamrock II. arrived at New York in 1899 his wife presented him with a son. Two years later, when the Shamrock II. came into port she celebrated the occasion by bringing a daughter into the world, and this year as soon as she Shamrock III. anchored she gave birth to another son. The Irishman hoped that Sir Thomas would never have to come again after the cup, because, he said, if Lipton did he would be ousted. Sir Thomas sent him a few Shamrock pins for the members of his family, and when he wrote to thank him for them, the Irishman said: "If by any ill-fortune you should not win the cup this year, and have to come after it again, for heaven's sake don't bring a schooner."

A farmer named Ed Armstrong was driving a bunch of cattle along the road, near Salinas, in California, the other day, when a couple of automobile enthusiasts came tearing along at a tremendous speed. Armstrong feared that his cattle would become frightened and stampeded, so he held up his hand, and asked the automobilists to wait until he could get his herd into shape. The men only laughed at him and continued going at full speed, defying Armstrong to catch them. He replied the spark to his horse, took down his reins from the saddle, and was swinging the loop preparatory to landing it over their heads, when the courage of the occupants of the car waned, and the machine was brought to a sudden stop. The drivers watched patiently while the cattleman drove his herd to one side of the road, and, after thanking them kindly, he allowed them to pass, without even so much as referring to the ugly disposition they had shown until he had forced them to wait.

Sir Frederick Bridge, the English physician, is a good story teller, according to "T. A. T." and has a fund of amusing personal experiences to draw upon. One of the great musician's best stories is about a provincial church organist, who was once a pupil of his. This young man was appointed to an important church in the Midlands. In course of time he married. During his absence his volunteers were much misled by the congregation. They had always been appreciated, and their renewal was looked forward to. "Imagine," says Sir Frederick Bridge, "the intense amusement of the people when the newly married organist gave his first voluntary, upon his return. Handel's 'Gave Her Angels, to the Skies.'"

Phil May, the English artist, whose death occurred recently, worked in his youth on the Bulletin, of Sydney, Australia. Occasionally the young man would be assigned by the Bulletin people to the police courts and from these assignments he would bring back sketches, now humorous and now pathetic, that were admirable.

One of the best of the Bulletin sketches hangs in the library of Joseph Chamberlain. It portrays a thin, bony dog man in the prisoner's box, talking to a very mild and sympathetic looking judge. Mr. May's story of the sketch is that the prisoner had been dragged before the judge every few months for a number of years.

"Are you married yet?" "Not yet, sir."

"Not yet, eh? How long is it now that you have been engaged?" "Seven years, your honor."

"So long as that? Why in the world haven't you gotten married in all that time?"

"Because, your honor," the prisoner explained, "Ann and I haven't managed to be both out of jail at the same time."

When off duty Professor Richards, of Yale, enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one. He adds to the fun sometimes with a witicism of his own. Such was the case when one of the students presented the following antipathy. "Professor, wouldn't you like a good receipt for catching rabbits?" "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?" "Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip," answered the youth, signaling in ecstasy, and quick as a flash came the reply: "Oh, a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

## ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Home talent will next command the public's attention.

The reunion at Arkansas City begins Tuesday. It lasts four days.

The scarcest article in Kansas this year is sun-burnt backs.

Summer county has no tax sale this year. The county decided to keep all profits.

They are now cooking meals with that Dexter gas well product. This should settle it.

Blackwell, O. T., showed a great deal of nerve in hiring that southern Kansas band.

Wolves are causing trouble in Cowley county. In one township their record is a chicken a day.

The Cowley county fair will be held this week at Winfield. The days are September 8 to 11.

The best thing about carnivals is that they offer a chance for a quiet wedding to neighboring town folk.

The Pantagraph says that a barking contest is now on at Sedgwick. Whooping cough has struck the town.

Kingman county is short of teachers, too. And it hasn't any matrimonial provision in its contract, either.

Conway Springs is figuring for more water. It will be remembered that all the joints there were closed recently.

A Kingman couple were married by a base ball player. An umpire will be needed before the game is over.

The Pratt Union tells of a young man whose heart was broken at camp meeting. She turned out to be a married woman.

A county fair association is being talked of in Pratt county. A meeting for organization is to be held next Saturday.

The Wellington News defends in a degree the disbarred attorney. It says it wasn't he who manufactured the evidence.

The appendicitis had struck Colorado and a number of Kansans are getting it. They could have had this luxury at home.

The Kansas World's Fair commission should not forget the sugar beet. As an exhibit is about all Kansas will ever use it for.

Hutchinson News: "Cut the weeds" and "bott the water" are mottoes to hang up on the wall alongside "God bless our home."

The Santa Fe is going to put in a "Y" at Conway Springs. The road is so crowded for switch room at present that it can't turn around.

Wellington barbers have raised the price of a shave to fifteen cents. This is simply driving some men to the safety razor trust's protection.

Sedgwick Pantagraph: The world will commence to move again. Bill White, Bill Morgan and J. Byron Cain have returned from their summer outing.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" played to a \$25 house at Moundridge the other night. It was understood, however, before hand that none of the receipts were to go to Carrie Nation.

A colored man at Hutchinson picked his step-daughter up off the street, put her under his arm and started for home with her, when he was arrested. It doesn't pay to outlive the traditional character of step-parents.

Conway Springs Star: We had it all dead time or two, but we must admit now that the corn crop looks to us to be pretty good in this locality this season. You can never tell what the result is going to be here until the whole deck has been played.

Arkansas City Traveler: The Leavenworth Times says that a Kansas millionaire has a dog that wears diamond ear-rings worth \$200. Where does the man live and where does he keep the dog? The animal might be worth stealing which is more than can be said of most dogs.

Pratt Union: Last week a Pratt man arranged to leave town one morning, and a son who is married was to do the chores until he returned. He received a message which changed his plans and he did not go, but by "keeping steady" he managed to keep his boy doing the chores all day.

## OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Garber has a mill and also subscriptions to pay for it.

Several professors have their coats off already. Run, beware.

Now comes vaccination and nine months of book learning for the offspring.

The Okarche X-Ray, a temperance organ, is defunct. It probably rusted out.

Newkirk's street fair was lighted by its own natural gas. That's convincing.

Prentiss is a new postoffice in Roger Mills county. It is named after the general.

Enid's boys are organizing a foot ball team. And the hospital is being remodeled.

The first load of new corn was marketed a week ago at Dover. It brought forty cents.

Elk City will have two guns operating during the cotton season. This means a lively market.

A Hammon widower advertises for a wife. He has four children and they need a mother.

Pond Creek's superintendent of schools will resign. He finds the loan business more interesting.

Newkirk has a blacksmith's war. The photographs have just concluded a treaty of peace.

A law and order league is a new power at Cashion. It is hectoring several bad characters.

This is very plain talk of a governor's. Wonder if there's any one who doesn't understand it?

Newkirk has a preacher who visits the mashers. A police patrol will have to be in the next.

Contracts for two portable schools of buildings have been let at Enid. School opens next September 11.

A small boy was caught in a hay power in Canadian county Wednesday. His mother was driving it.

The tables have turned. A hog has struck a butcher at El Reno. The friend borrowed \$25 and skipped.

One Kay county town has an order called the Big Four. It is composed of that number of society belles.

Enid's city council is being urged to establish "street seats." What a snap it will be for the weary Willies.

The charge most used in the territory is "assault and battery." The least used is "disturbing the peace."

The Oklahoma farmer is said to be wrestling with the hired girl question. The Roosevelt idea will move it.